The Bystander, April 5, 1916.—No. 644. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

NOBBLED

"'Ow long are you up for, Bill?"
"Seven years"
"Yer lucky ——, I'm duration"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Council of Paris

IF Macaulay's New Zealander—who, by-the-bye, has now quite a sporting chance of seeing London in ruins, if Germany has her way in the matter—had happened to see the names of our representatives at the Council of Paris he might quite well have remained ignorant of the fact that a Coalition Government is running us—to seed. Asquith, Lloyd George, and Sir Edward Grey are famous, or rather notorious, examples of one side of the Cabinet; but it has another, and why that other was quite unrepresented one would like to know. Everybody is aware that the Council of Paris is going down to history, I only wish a little more care had been taken to prevent any risk of our end of it going there with a sickening thud.

❀ ❀

Dilution of (Cabinet) Labour

I AM not suggesting—it's too expensive—that the Famous Three are not as resolved as anybody else not to sheath the sword or unplug the bomb until—. I am only trying to express the pretty general wish that in big affairs such as the Council of Paris we applied the "dilution of labour" idea a trifle more freely. Our political history, ever since Mr. Asquith took on in 1908, has been one long series of "Conferences," with the same old Ministers misrepresenting the country at all of them. Now that these gatherings are no longer chatty little domestic affairs with Amalgamated Boiler-makers, or Mr. Redmond, or Mrs. Pankhurst, but are vital discussions involving vital issues, can't a few rest-cure tickets be handed to the time-expired members of the Cabinet and the Channel passages be given to someone else?

❀ ❀

The Nation "Arrives"

THERE was one man who did represent the nation last week as it has seldom been represented before, but as it has felt for an unconscionable long time—I mean the officer who shinned down from the Strangers' Gallery on to the floor of the House of Commons and raved out what it was he wanted. That is precisely how the nation feels to-day towards the House of Commons in general and the Cabinet in particular. How the legislators, for their part, view this national impatience is shown by their treatment of the individual case which fell thus unexpectedly into their midst. He was led gently away "to be examined by a doctor." Quite gently, you know. No roughness; only tender pity for a poor fellow who—of all crazy notions!—wants to see something done!

FICKLE FERDINAND

❀ ❀

Clyde Criminals

THERE are ways, mind you, of getting things done that do not shock the politicians. The proper way is to influence votes. If you have votes, yea, even a Trade Union vote, you can remove Ministers. If you haven't you must just pay up towards the £400's and lump it. That is the precious doctrine that the Liberals have been administering to the people ever since they came into power, and you have the result of it in the Clyde strike to-day. Labour has been taught for years that if you want anything you have only got to strike for it, and that the greater the fix you catch the Government in the more certain you are to get it. It is useless for the newspapers to shriek at the strikers of treason and of peril to the country, and useless for Ministers to preach it to them. They have heard it all before, keyed to some other note. They know it merely precedes the "climb down" as surely as froth at the top of the tankard precedes the rare and refreshing fruits beneath.

❀ ❀

A "Blank" Cartridge

THE Government has created this condition of mind. It is for the Government to remove the criminal state of affairs it has now produced. I don't quite know whether the case of the Clyde ringleaders is *sub judice* or may become so by the time these lines are in print. I do know, however, that if the Government had protected the nation as it protects the individual a lot of little things in this war—possibly the war itself—would never have happened; so I propose to take no risks in the matter of comment. I will merely say that

(Continued on page 6)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 5)

those who incite their fellows to stop the outpouring of munitions of war ought, in the presence of all their mates, to be ——; and I will leave readers of THE BYSTANDER to supply the missing word in complete confidence that it will be the one I would have written.

❋ ❋

North Sea "Liveliness"

THE "scrapping" off Esbjerg and the Schleswig coast at the end of last week led more nearly to a big show than anything which has happened for twelve months past. Our cruisers and destroyers fell upon the German patrol vessels and torpedo-boats, burning two of the former and sinking one of the latter by ramming. A wireless message to Heligoland brought out a German flotilla and five cruisers. Unfortunately, it was heavy weather, and the opposing forces missed each other. As we lost a fine new destroyer by collision, honours must regretfully be adjudged easy. The seaplane raid was undertaken in insufficient force and in unpropitious weather. But it was probably no more than a reconnaissance. At least, one hopes the Admiralty was not driven into it by uninformed clamour for the Navy to "do something."

❋ ❋

The Colonel and the Commons

IN regard to the rumours that Colonel Churchill intends to return to the House of Commons, it is just as well to remind people that he is a soldier, under orders like any other soldier, and not free to pick and choose the sphere of his activities. We may hold what opinion we please as to the advantage or disadvantage of Colonel Churchill's presence in the Parliamentary arena; but it will be a bad day for military discipline when it is admitted that an M.P. has rights denied to other soldiers.

❋ ❋

Those Married Men

SOMETHING is definitely going to be done for the married men at last. I don't quite know what it is, and the married men don't quite know, and one feels instinctively that the Government doesn't; but Mr. Walter Long has announced it, and the newspapers seem thoroughly dissatisfied with it, so it bears all the best recognition marks of a great Government scheme. Whatever it is, it isn't the benefit which the attested married man understood he was to get by attesting. The bedrock principle of the Government in this business is that the willing get the kicks (get them first, at all events), but the unwilling must share in the ha'pence.

❋ ❋

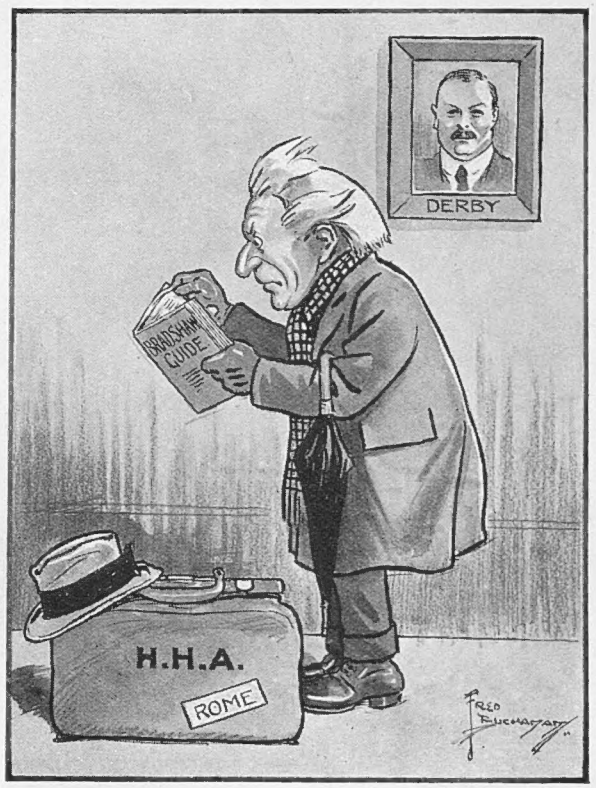
In Their Knapsacks

IT is one of the greatest mysteries of the war, that benefit which the married attested were to get. Everybody knew that it was to be earned by attesting and lost by not attesting, but any mention of such a thing is now flatly denied by the authorities, and the man who actually announced it is as hard to find as the man who saw the Russians. The married attested must not forget, however, that they have one privilege dear to the heart of every Britain over the married shirkers. Every soldier in Napoleon's armies carried a Field-Marshal's *baton* in his knapsack. Every married attested man will have a grievance in his.

❋ ❋

Budget and "Bystander"

NOTHING was so significant of the drastic nature of the new Budget as the fact that it was carefully introduced so as to be in the papers on the same day as THE BYSTANDER is published. An antidote for the public spirits was essential, and BYSTANDER day was felt to be the best. I am always glad to help the national interests in any little way like that.



"ISN'T THERE ANY PLACE EVEN FURTHER OFF THAN ROME THAT I CAN GO TO?"

❋ ❋

How to Grin and Bear It

I AM writing before the event, and waiting for it in the same jolly, bright spirit as one waits with mouth open while the dentist fiddles in his drawer for something else to tickle you up with. The dickens of these war Budgets is that you may not grumble about them. It is not considered "the thing." All you can do by way of relieving your feelings is to greet your friends with "Well, it's pretty well knocked me out; but by Jove, I'm glad to be feeling I really am doing my bit, aren't you, old man?"

❋ ❋

Passing It On

THE whole business of paying up for your country in cash or casualty is odd when you come to examine it. Those who can't possibly fight, but have to pay, declare it's a jolly sight easier to die for your country than to pay for it; those who are doing the dying refer contemptuously to those who luxuriate at home on what the Budget hands them back out of their last shilling; finally, the only people who are openly permitted to grumble aloud are those who turn the taxes that affect them on to other people to pay—I mean the big trade interests. If a war tax hits me in a new place or harder in an old I mayn't grumble and can only squeeze it out of my wife's dress allowance. If it hits tea, tofly, tallow, or anything else on the counter, the manufacturers can, and do, grumble aloud, deputationise the Government—and make the public pay. It's grand.

"The Baby-Killers!"

COUNT ZEPPELIN (sobbing): "Oh-h-h!!! My liddle Elfiftine!!! Zey haf my s'veet peudiful liddle paby plown all to beices, und also trownded!!! Oh-h, vat a peastly prutalness!!!—und chust a liddle zea-zide vissitor!!!"

The Military Metamorphosis

HOW IT HAS LEAVENED THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

THOUGH our official dispatches proclaim the fact that there are three British armies in France, not even "Blanche" can tell us of the armies that are "in England—now," though possibly the wandering spirits who visit us in German aircraft have obtained their postal addresses.

⁂ ⁂

YOU may step out of the train at a station where, in addition to giving up your ticket, you must be prepared to encounter squads of half-dressed men in what used to be the public highway, undergoing physical drill and committing assaults with the bayonet upon stuffed cornstacks. This is part of that winter training which is said to kill or cure the weaklings in the New Armies.

⁂ ⁂

PERADVENTURE you will find stretches of fortified lines behind barricades of barbed wire. The solidity of the workmanship is astonishing until you hear that the designs have been furnished by an architect disguised as a temporary captain, the materials collected by a quantity surveyor now drawing army pay as a lieutenant, the job being carried out under the supervision of a builder's-contractor wearing the chevrons of a sergeant. At a pinch you may have an installation of electric light or a supply of hot and cold water laid on in these underground dwelling-places, for even in a single battalion there is quite a "consternation of talent," as Jorrocks would say.

⁂ ⁂

THE scene changes, and one may review the yeomanry of Great Britain — now speaking with the accent of Forfarshire, then in the dialect of South Wales, and everywhere permeated by the ubiquitous Cockney. "Ride him with your legs," cries an instructor from the 12th Lancers to an unhappy wight whose unschooled mount knows as little of the *manège* as he does, but the perspiring horseman at least contrives to stick on, and that, after all, is the main thing; but woe to the "made hunter" who falls into such hands.

⁂ ⁂

UPON the homestaying Territorials military discipline appears to sit easy; in the country corps there is not a little of the *laissez aller* spirit of the old volunteers; and when any member has been looking for trouble and found it, the proceedings before a court-martial are livelier than those to which the regular soldier is accustomed, for rarely does the prisoner lack a "friend" of the legal persuasion, and when—as often happens—a barrister is haled from the officer's mess to act as prosecutor, there is, indeed, some sport. "Why should not the prisoner be told in open court that he has been convicted and the sentence proclaimed?" asked one of these members of the junior bar the other day. Heaven knows—and perhaps the Judge Advocate-General, who is, however, far too astute to purge military law of its sophistications.

APROPOS of rights and privileges, somewhere in England is a very irate Colonel who is in correspondence as to whether he has the "right" to be so styled, inasmuch as he resigned his commission some twelve years ago. Some curious regulations exist by which a member of the auxiliary forces may be given a step in rank in order to get rid of him, while the regular soldier who quietly takes himself off to his paternal acres is denied the "right" to retain the rank he served in, and it amuses a certain department of the War Office to debate this question at slack seasons—like the present! But nobody is a penny the worse, for "Once a cornet always a captain" is the old rule in Society, and will be observed, let the War Office tilt at windmills as it may.

⁂ ⁂

A MORE serious matter is the "grousing" that goes on in the reserve battalions that have taken the place of the old Militia. It is entirely due to these units that the battalions of the Old Army have been kept going since the great battles in the West depleted their ranks. But in raising and training men for the "Loamshire" Regiment a commander does not expect to find his men drafted away to fill gaps in other corps, and as the Army Act absolutely vetoes such a practice its legality is about to be questioned.

⁂ ⁂

AT the hostelries which try—in respect of their charges—to live up to the reputation of first-class London hotels strange stories are told by the veterinary and medical officers whose function it is to care for man and beast after they have become Government property. Patriotism *plus* profit is the motto of most horse-owners—who have doubled the price of officers' charges—and how many poor devils fancy they are stricken with obscure diseases after listening to a lecture on gas as part of the new art of war!

⁂ ⁂

YET the armies have their amusements. Of course, one finds evidence here and there of the irruption into "the cool sequestered vale of life" of those infernal devices of Continental science which have added an awful page to the "short and simple annals of the poor;" and it was while viewing some wrecked cottages and a defaced church clock at . . . that I encountered "Linesman," now figuring as the commander of a London Territorial Battalion. Marvellous it is that employment more fitting for the historian of the South African War cannot be found, but, then, it is the penchant of the War Office to use a razor to do the work of a pickaxe and *vice versa*. Indeed, the vagaries of officialdom, as disclosed in the Auditor-General's recent report, might drive us to despair, if we did not realise that they are powerless to crush the genius of the people; and so we may live to see England emerge from this war triumphant.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES.

"The craze for dancing grows and grows"

LONDON, *April* 3, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

APRIL at last! Thank goodness! For of all the mouldy, moth-eaten Marches. . . . When it didn't rain it snowed, and when it didn't snow it blew, and as for the sun, we almost forgot there was one, and the few minutes it did come out made the rest seem all the colder. Suppose there was no petrol for Phœbus's chariot, or something—anyway, he seemed to have a pretty extensive breakdown.

❋ ❋

BUT even wars and winters, I suppose, can't go on quite for ever, and—

When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything—

then—well, then we shan't be long, if only half the rumours turn to facts. Invasion at last, more air raids, sea-battles, the big push in France and littler ones in other places—it's all on the April list, and, as well, the biggest Budget ever, and great war conferences in the Allied capitals. Really does look—doesn't it?—as if at last it had rolled up, that tide in our affairs which, etc., etc.

❋ ❋

TRUE, half the world's in mourning. True, too, that as *Punch* puts it—

Frenzied fair ones, furious
In the quest of the luxurious,
Still pursue a most injurious
Cult of frocks and frills.

And that in England now, with the future of England and the Empire fairly hanging on the issue of the next few weeks, we must present to the rest of the world, the fighting one, anyway, a most amazing spectacle.

❋ ❋

BETWEEN now and Easter, only a fortnight ahead, some dozen new plays are being put on, the charity shows go on as ever, I read of the P.M. concentrating his energies on fixing up an Easter recess, there's to be an Academy next month as usual, and at Gatwick the other day the cheeriest crowd careered along the roads consuming the petrol they tell us is so precious positively in gallons. And one gathers it wasn't war-rations they washed down with the Bollinger at lunch.

❋ ❋

APROPOS of invasion, I think the chief sufferers so far have been the parents of the kiddies who've been sent home—as a sort of precautionary measure, I suppose—from some of the East Coast schools. Awful shock, when you've hardly got to half-term yet, to find it's end of term to all intents and purposes! But in war-time, of course, that's the sort of price you have to pay for breathing the salubrious North Sea air—to be ready to clear out at a moment's notice. I hear of great lockings-up in vaults of Georgian salt-cellars and things, 'cos of course, there won't be any time to drag the pictures down and pack jewel-cases when evacuation's the word.

❋ ❋

P'RAPS people won't mind so much if there ever is one—an invasion, I mean. It's the false alarms that are such a bore. Nothing gives one a flatter, more morning-after-the-night-before feeling than that sort of thing, though anything's better than the reality, I suppose, or that's what sensible people would say.

❋ ❋

TALKING of the family treasures, there's sure to be a great rendezvous for the smart unemployed and the bibelot-hunter, I suppose, the second Red Cross sale this week at Christie's. For has not Royalty unearthed all sorts of forgotten tit-bits of *bric-à-brac* for the sacred cause, and the rest of us also ransacked our chests and cupboards?

❋ ❋

THEN, also, for charity, of course, there's the semi-antique masked play—some way after Sophocles—which a millionaire Anglo-American hostess is running. Author, the Irish poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats.

(Continued on page 10)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 9)

The Hawk's Well; or, The Water of Immortality—sounds distinctly Yeats-y and Irish theatre-ish, doesn't it? Hero, the romantical Mr. Ainley; costumier, Mr. Edmund Dulac, that modernest of decorative artists; setting, a chorus of singers to tell us what's going on, quite in the best archaic Reinhardtian manner.

"When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything"

MORE art for charity's sweet sake, too, at Miss Asquith's afternoon with the poets at Byron's house in Piccadilly. Poets—Mr. Birrell, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Yeats, M. Cammaerts, Walter de la Mare, Sir Henry Newbolt, and Sir Owen Seaman. They're to read their own works—very alluring. Not each other's, no. That would be *too* moving, and, after all, there's a limit to condescension, even for a good cause.

AND copies of their books (autographed) will be on sale, to be bought from the usual London beauties. As Mr. Goldsmith said, Could a man live by it, if it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet, what? And as

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear,

won't the rhyme-merchants have a real pleasant afternoon of it, with lovely ladies saying the very nicest things about them, and telling everybody that Shakespeare and Shelley and Swinburne are back numbers—all for the sake of charity? Covers a multitude of things, doesn't it?

COURSE I know they're all for some good war cause or another, but these things seem a long way off, don't they, from the awful struggle going on so near and yet, in all but actual distance, such thousands of miles away from us? I marvel sometimes that it doesn't somehow permeate, all the heartache, and all the loneliness and all the anxiety, when I'm in some of the cheerfuller places, war-rationing at Ciro's or drinking tea at the Carlton, or supping where they dance—the craze for dancing grows and grows, and there isn't even much shortage of men now that Lord French keeps a standing army in England.

OR sitting through the last Revue, or being dazzled by the furs and jewels at some of the big charity shows. British phlegm and that sort of thing, I suppose, combined with a quite exclusive lack of imagination. Anyway, they can't do it in Paris, can they?—where colours aren't done, nor revues, nor dances (in fact, dances shock them), nor *le bridge*, nor the *musicale*, nor anything.

"Oh! these babelets of the bounding blue"

WHICH reminds me that someone called Ginger, who's with the Salonica force, writes to tell me that they're feeling themselves rather neglected out there. "No one ever remembers us, and we're bang out in an endless wilderness of horrible hills, simply covered with holly bushes (no mistletoe) and thorn scrub. We dig endless trenches in one place, and then go on and do it all over again in another and for pure dullness it beats trench life hollow. France was wildly exciting in comparison.

"THERE, if you wanted a thrill, you could go and stick your head over the parapet and listen to the bullets go by. Here you can't even feel frightened, except when a plane comes and throws bombs at you, or a Zep, like the one last week. But the worst of all is—*no leave*. And it's too awful getting letters from a pal of mine in the cavalry, who goes home once a month as regular as clockwork (and does absolutely nothing between times)."

POOR darlings, it's a norful shame. But it's not true that we've forgotten "all those poor blokes in Greece," and in any case we'll make up after, and it's perhaps just when we *seem* to be remembering least that we're really remembering most about the men who are doing just everything for us so many weary miles away, and often under conditions we here at home can hardly even guess at, and don't like to think about too much when we do.

WHICH, by the way, is the sort of thing I oughtn't to say, according to one soldierman, who writes to strafe me severely for talking about people "doing their bit." "We don't talk like that now," he says, "and when we do we don't really think so.

(Continued on page 12)

A Beautiful War Widow

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY JULIET DUFF

A charming new portrait of the widow of the late Sir Robin Duff, Bart. She is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, and like her mother (who is now the Marchioness of Ripon) is greatly interested in Art. Her husband was a lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and was killed in action in October, 1914

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 10)

How many of us joined or rejoined just from a sense of duty? Lord, I never knew how bored I was till August, 1914, and I've enjoyed every minute of it since. This New Army is so interesting and so wonderful." He must be Scotch, I think, or something, he's so severe. And also a bit of a clairvoyant. "I know your sex, appearance, age, and whether you are married," he says, "and in another month I shall know how many children you have." *Marvellous* creature!

❋ ❋

BUT I think what really rings the bell is the letter from the midshipman who writes: "(1) If you are a pretty girl, may I take you out to dinner next time I come up to town on leave, (2) if you are a nice motherly lady may I take you out to tea, (3) if you are an aged man—oh, well, come and have a drink, I know heaps of places where you can get one any time and be treated to it, too, (4) if you're a young scribe, may I meet you in a 'pistols for two, whisky and soda for one,' for daring to play with the affections of the male half of civilisation? Please answer this, to put us out of suspense." *Oh*, these babelets of the bounding blue. . .

❋ ❋

ANOTHER, a wounded soldierman, this time, wants to know if those dresses Helen draws me in aren't *very* expensive, "though, of course, I know the less of a dress there is the more it costs—that's common sense." Well, I don't know about that *now*, Craggie. The new frocks, you know, get more and more—I mean, what they lose on the swings they gain on the roundabouts, so to speak. With a wisp of *tulle* and a bead or two you're almost overdressed up top, but below you must be bunched and billowy or die. In fact, in Dover Street and places hoops are "it," and soon, I'm afraid, we'll be looking more Victorian than fluffy.

"A wounded soldierman wants to know if those dresses Helen draws me in aren't very expensive"

❋ ❋

RATHER awful, isn't it? And how on earth we shall manage squeezing into 'buses and two-seaters and things I *can't* think. But, of course, we all shall. Women are so sensible, aren't they, 'specially in wartime? Still, it isn't *only* sense that's wanted. Sentiment's still popular. An officer from the North's just told me that the difficulty there is to get the Tommies to leave hospital.

❋ ❋

IT'S a V.A.D. one, you see, and it seems the unprofessional nurse is much more generous with the pillow-smoothing and that sort of thing than the pukka other kind. Man loves a little petting, you know, 'specially if you let him think he despises it. And as 'someone's said, that's one of life's injustices that the woman who smiles and looks nice always takes precedence in a man's heart over the assiduous purchaser of cabbages.

❋ ❋

BUT even the real nurses, it seems, are sometimes to be—well, deceived, poor dears. "Hast heard, beloved Blanchie, of the thermometer game as played by one yclept Craggie?" writes a "wounded," who's managed also to "sling the lead," and now basks in sunny Cimiez. "Even at the unearthly hour they did it I used to notice that if the thermometer said 101.6 or 101, or even 100, then my *menu* for that day and the day after was soda and milk, and beef tea, things I'm not too great on.

❋ ❋

"I ALSO noticed, though, that the sister sometimes shook the mercury down, so I got a brain-wave. That same night the thermometer was 101, so I shook it down to 99, which methought was a reasonable temperature, and held it between my teeth. Next morning I shook it down to 98. Consequence—I got a bit of fish for lunch and chicken for dinner, and thereafter lived on the fat of the land." Resourcefulness, they call that, don't they — what's — made — England — what — it — is . . . you know.

❋ ❋

LONG time, by the way, since I sent you any poetry from any of the fronts, isn't it? Well, spring's here (touch wood,) so here too's one of the latest and springiest, just arrived from Egypt:

Mystic lady who dost edit
  Happy musings for our pleasure,
It is hard for you to credit
  How you charm away our leisure.
[We, Blanche, always shall believe
You are kith of Adam's Eve.]

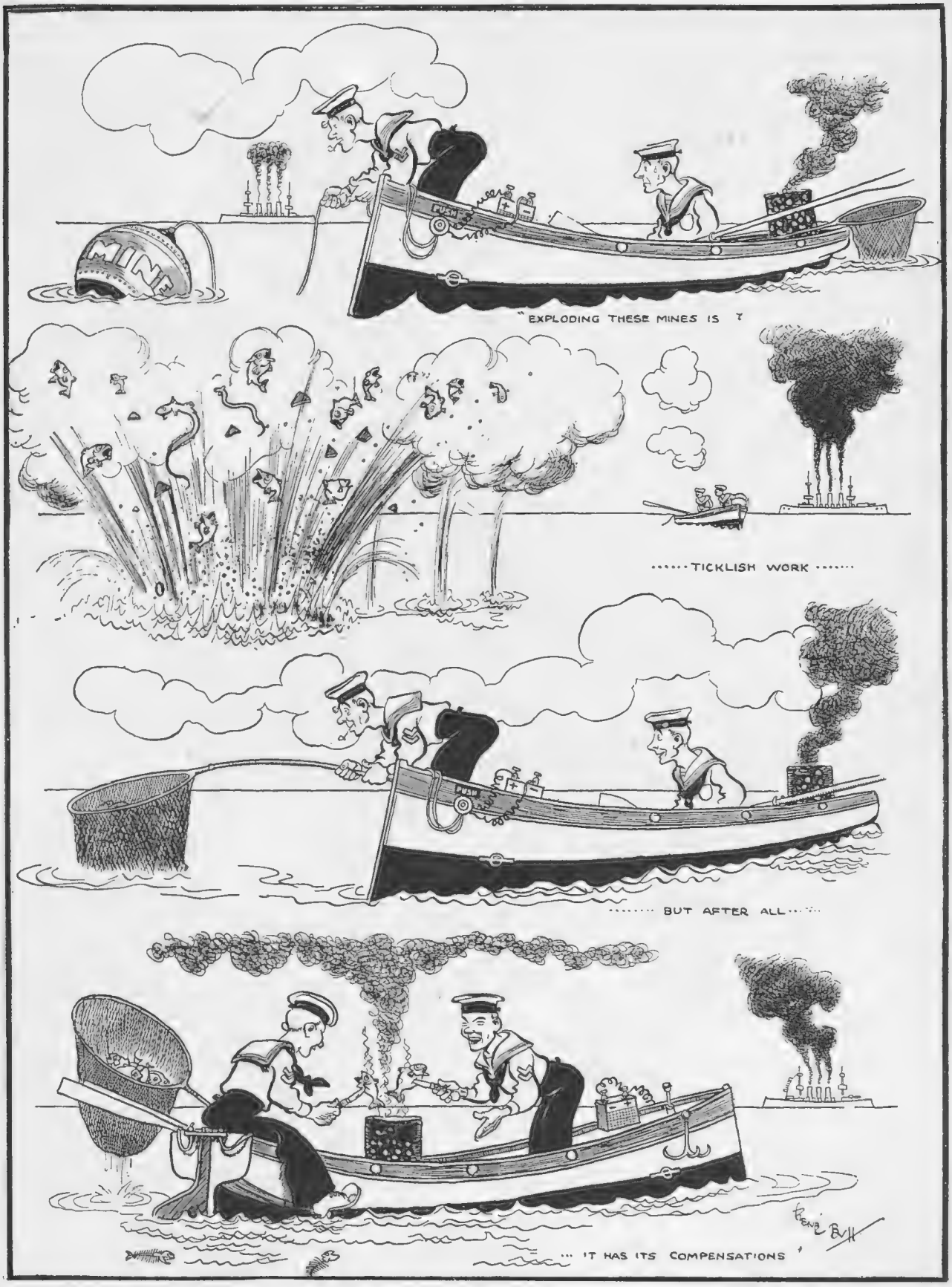
To your friends in rest of battle,
  To the helpless wracked with pain,
Comes a gentle woman's prattle
  And a voice from Home again.
[Blanche, between these lines we see
Where the kisses ought to be.]

Enough to make the mummies sit up, isn't it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Sport in the Navy



OR HOW TO COMBINE BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE

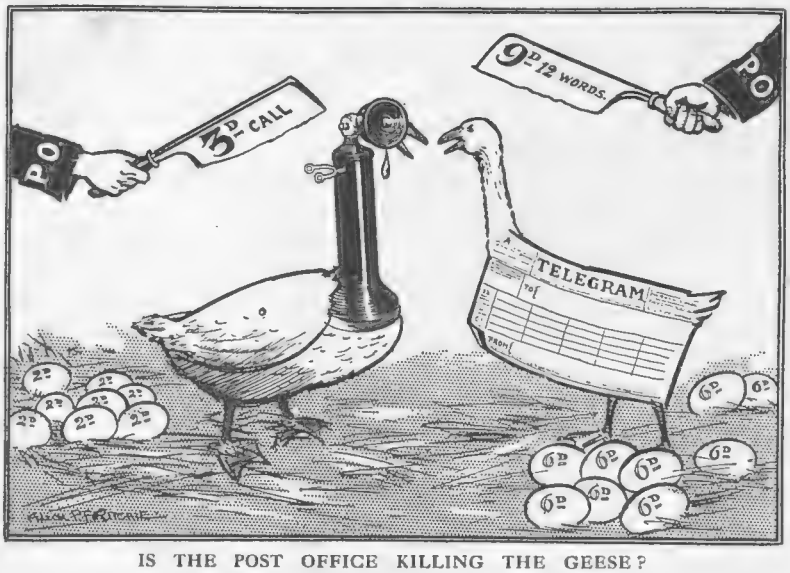
Various Kinds of Peace

GERMANY'S MENTAL ATTITUDE FOR ALL EMERGENCIES

Most of the news that comes through from Germany nowadays is leavened with the hint that Germany is longing for Lovely Peace with Plenty Crowned, as the poet has it. Recently, indeed, the German Government seems to have had a few eccentric ideas on the subject. For instance, Germany is magnanimously willing to retire from Belgium—with the trifling exception of Antwerp. You see, the port of Antwerp will be necessary to Germany in her next war with England, and it would, therefore, be so very unreasonable on our part to ask her to give it up.

❀ ❀

Further, in the blessed cause of Peace, Germany will also agree to retire from the occupied parts of France in return for the payment of a few milliards of francs in gold. But she will naturally expect the return of her African Colonies, and the Allies can hardly refuse to hand over to her, as well, the Belgian Congo. There are one or two other exquisite details of the sort, and I should not be surprised to hear that Germany was quite anxious to conclude Peace at once on these terms, especially if we threw in, say, a pair of white mice and a two-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it, just to clinch the deal amicably.



IS THE POST OFFICE KILLING THE GEESE?

(A deficiency for the year of £1,232,955 on the telegraph revenue, and of £111,018 on the telephone revenue, is officially recorded)

❀ ❀

No responsible person would write or say anything that would needlessly prolong the agony of war; but in respect of Germany we are dealing with an abnormal mentality that we have not taken sufficient pains to understand. On the top of the German offer of terms of Peace, there was an admission in the Reichstag that the German Government is teaching the children of the Fatherland the solemn duty of cultivating a bitter and permanent hatred of England. "*Unser Hass gegen England*" is, apparently, part of the curriculum for the State Schools, and also for the German equivalent (if any) for "Schools for the Sons of Gentlemen." This does not look very much like a national craving for peace and love. It is clear, therefore, that the first thing for the German people to do is to experience a change of heart; and as we have always been taught that the way to the heart is through the stomach, we feel that the British Navy has got its finger on the spot, as it were.

❀ ❀

And now we have a German Professor who has kindly undertaken to explain, for the benefit of the ignorant and unthinking races of the world, the German mental attitude in respect of the piratical iniquities of the German Navy. He tells us that Germans first of all rejoice that a work of military necessity has been safely accomplished, and then are shocked and grieved beyond measure at the appalling loss of innocent lives unavoidably involved.

❀ ❀

When we begin to talk about Peace, therefore, it seems to me that we ought to take advantage of this cheap and quite dishonest state of mind of the German people. When, for instance, we decline to restore the late German Colonies, we may assume that while the German people feel an inward pang of sorrow for their loss, they will be, nevertheless, overjoyed to know that henceforth the British Empire will have all the bother and expense of administering tracts of country, which the Germans have never been able to run at anything like a profit.

❀ ❀

It will, presumably, be the same with the retirement from France and Belgium. The German people will, perhaps, drop a tear of regret that they have been unable to retain countries that they acquired by right of conquest when the other man wasn't looking, but they will at the same time throw up their hats for joy at the news that the Allies, having been hopelessly defeated, will have to bear the burden of rebuilding the lands that had the unspeakable wickedness to oppose the armed might of Prussia.

❀ ❀

If the Germans, having lost a battle, can hang out flags and thereby convince themselves that they have won it, they can just as easily satisfy themselves, with a few extra flags and a brass band or so, that they have been victorious in the war from beginning to end, and have added to their laurels by unloading on the opposition doubtful securities they were glad to be rid of.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

The Prevailing Epidemic

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

The Empire Expects—!

A LESSON FOR THE STAY-AT-HOMES FROM THE MEN OVERSEAS

THE Five British Nations—what is their destiny? And who is to achieve it? To-day we are in arms, and our splendid sons are fighting with their brothers. But when this world's hell is ended, when glorious sacrifice has won a final vanquishment over our enemies—what then? We at home have too seldom thought Imperially because so few of us knew our Empire. The men of our Overseas Nations are not as we are. I—as one who knows them—thank the kind Heaven for that. And I as one who has lived among them have always prayed that the time might come when the men from the new worlds would give new vitality and a wider reach of vision to the islanders at home. And, behold, nothing short of this is the thing that will soon befall!

WE at home are slow-moving and timorous. We really do believe—or did—that a special Providence looks after us. History presents a series of miracles which have saved us from the penalty of our sloth. But every time we have paid the price in blood. Frankly, we are a people callous, proud, a trifle vainglorious, woefully stupid on occasion, tragically suspicious of change, and doubtful of progress. Among the nations we are the hefty country-fellow who only saves himself by his fists. We usually wake up for the last scene of the last act. Now, really, this is not good enough.

OUT from one of the younger nations which have grown great under our Flag there has come a Man, Mr. Hughes, who has proved himself not only *the* statesman of Empire, but the superb galvaniser of the British race. He stands for everything that we ought to have been. He is a live man among Ministerial Shadows. But he is one of a type. And it is the type we want. Australia has fought gloriously for us on a score of stricken fields, and this new Man from our new world is now telling us and our Ministers how we, the stay-at-homes, must smarten up—tackle our home work brightly and come into line with up-to-date demands.

MR. HUGHES is not merely a fact; he is a portent. Our Overseas Nations have given their blood for us; in the future they will claim a place for their brains and splendid vitality. It is the sons of the Empire that will give new life to the Old Motherland. Till the end of time they will rule with us in our Councils. The Empire has trembled on the very brink of disaster; the grand fellows of the Overseas, who had no voice at all in the policy that preceded the war nor in the administration that muddled it, have sprung to our side to help us to save ourselves and them. Henceforward and for all time they will claim their right to have their greatest sitting with our greatest. Then a long farewell to cant, to finely veiled utterances and childish compromises and stupid delays. The old bones will live again.

AN Imperial Senate is certain. It must take the shape of a reformed Upper House. Our M.P.'s do not legislate for our independent States Overseas. It would be unfitting that Colonial representatives should enter our Commons to govern us. But a new Upper House dealing with the great issues of Empire and of War and Peace would quicken the whole of our system of governance.

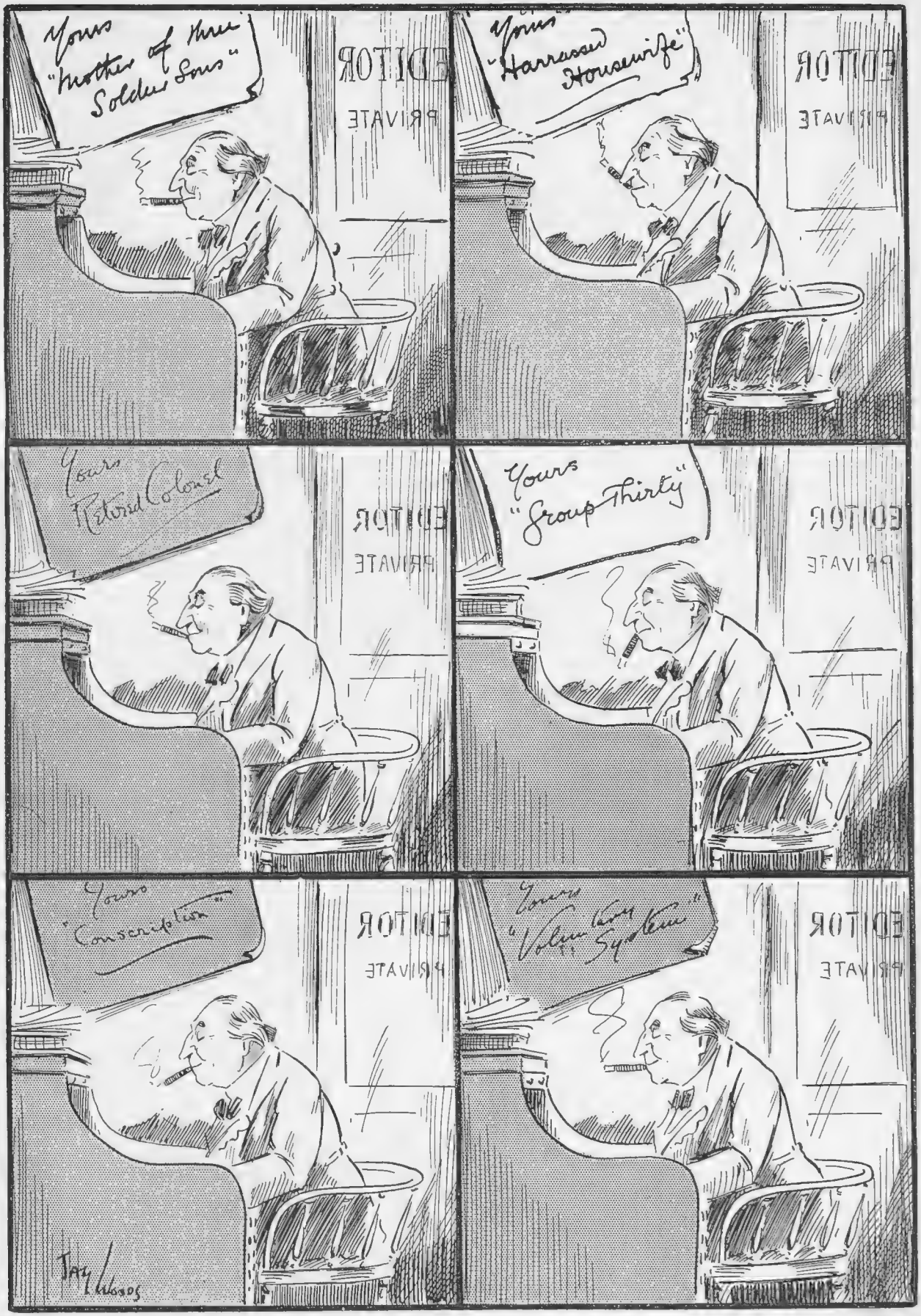
THE one thing that every patriot must never again allow to happen is that the time of Parliament shall be taken up with ridiculous local trivialities. We must take the big view and have big-minded men to handle the concerns that count. There are three dominating problems which stand clear for early decision. When a Victorious Peace has been won, is there nothing that can be done to make future armed conflicts between civilised peoples impossible? When this war is ended Humanity will tremble and be aghast at the stupefying horrors of war. Then, and only then, should the finest minds of the Empire set themselves the task of safeguarding the lives of future races.

ANOTHER problem which I am sure is increasingly concerning Empire-thinkers is the Trade Problem. Part of the spoils of victory must be a vast increase in trade. In all likelihood the countries which we shall most surely triumph over will at the last be too much crushed to pay indemnities. Well—we must take their trade for our Allies and our Empire. And if we do *not* take their trade we leave to them the only means by which they can become strong and prosperous and in a condition to fight us again if they wish.

THEN there is the class problem. Really it is an insult to suggest that distinctions still count. In the past, class distinctions have done more to block the progress of our people than any other cause. Our Overseas Nations can teach us much as to the recognition of the true brotherhood of man. Out there a man is taken for what he is and for what he does, and not for what he has got or for the figure his grandfather—probably quite a disreputable old gentleman—cut in early Victorian days. We want the brotherhood of the trenches brought back to the homeland.

THE Empire expects that the memorial of our gallant dead shall take the form of a new life and a new spirit in all lands under our Flag. The Empire that has been safe-held to us by the nobility of all classes must be upheld by the same self-sacrifice at home in peace. The statecraft of the future must see to it that no one who is deserving goes without his share; that no child born into our world shall be without a life-chance, full and rich and ample; and that the Empire of the years to be and for all time shall be worthy of the blood of our heroes and of the new race that will ever revere them.

Another Press Revelation



The writers of those letters which have become so prevalent in the Press ever since the Censor began to keep a more than ordinarily watchful eye on the publication of War News

BELLICOSITIES

SOME SALT FOR HIS TAIL

Poor little Charlie Chaplin, he's
Breaking his heart at Los Angeles.
His salary's grown so big, poor chap,
They won't let him wear a khaki cap,
Although he's terribly anxious to do it
He's written to say so—pass the cruet.

THE mystery of the Galloper lightship is now solved. It seems that after having lain at anchor for a considerable while, she has acted up to her name and—galloped.

WAR PROFITS

He makes a splash with what he yet may spend,
Until his profits he is forced to lend;
And, all too late, the obvious message comes:
"You cannot fight, but you can pay, my friend!"

THAT PORTRAIT

Mr. George is a patriot stout,
Doing his bit there isn't a doubt;
Dishing up Austrian casserole,
And filleting Huns at the Metropole.
So we certainly think that Augustus John
Should have made him fairer to look upon

THE German military authorities have now forbidden the wearing of the fashionable wide frock in Berlin on the ground that it involves an unnecessary waste of material. From what we have seen of the substantial German *Hausfrau*, the general adoption of the tight skirt ought, to say the least, to be interesting.

⁂

THE *Daily Chronicle* says: "The German papers state that Herr Liebknecht and Herr Kohle intend to join the new Socialist fraction." Some of us might, perhaps, have written "faction"; but "fraction" is a distinct inspiration.

⁂

"THE industry of General Joffre is enormous. He rises every morning before six, lunches at eleven-thirty, walks a good deal, dines at half-past six in the evening, and is asleep at eight-thirty."—*Daily Mail.* Our esteemed contemporary seems to have struck the Generalissimo on one of his busy days.

THE TERCENTENARY

See how the Fates their gifts allot,
For Will is famous—Hall is not.
Though Hall keeps plugging on, until
He's written even more than Will,
No wonder Hall has got the spike.
For, after all, they look alike.

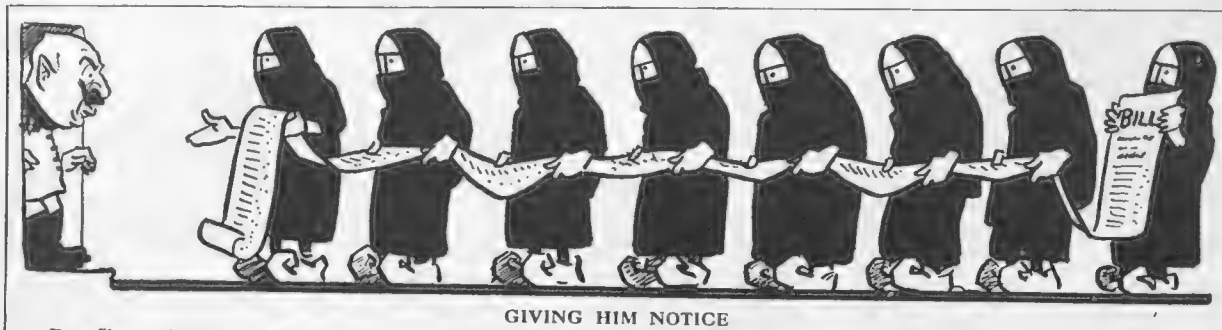
AT the recent meeting for the purpose of establishing the old "Star and Garter" as a home for disabled soldiers, Miss Compton, the well-known actress, said that she hoped the old name would remain, since the Star stood for brightness, and the natural function of the Garter was to keep things up. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

⁂

IN a recent trial flight, an aeroplane, compelled to descend on account of engine trouble, landed in a tree, from which the pilot happily descended without injury. It is only lately that man has learned to fly in emulation of the bird of the air, and it is, perhaps, a little soon for him to try and nest in the spring, as the birds do.

⁂

DR. HELFFERICH says that Germany is the only belligerent Power that has covered her war expenditure. He may be right; but what will happen when the German people find that it has merely been covered with a scrap of paper to hide its defects?



GIVING HIM NOTICE

Dear Sir, our husband, Johnny Turk,
Being unfit for further work,
Sends us, his favourite wives, to say
He leaves your service from to-day:
His wages being overdue,
He sends this small account to you!

Yesterday and To-day

A STUDY IN VALUES AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR

The Bystander in Paris

THE MAN WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO

He has ceased to exist. But he used to be terribly busy. "Me," he would say, "I am a man of my habits, me." This usually meant some sort of an excuse for getting up very late in the morning and receiving a visitor in slippers and pyjamas. In Paris, if you want to see a man on business you may call on him at any hour. I remember getting a note from Sardou once in reply to a request for an interview. "Come and see me whenever you like, mon petit," he wrote (I was always twice Sardou's size in anything but brains—that's why he called me mon petit), "but *do not come* LATER *than* 8 *a.m.*! I begin to get busy then."

⁂

So I went to see Sardou in the small hours of a dull grey morning, and he received me in the quaintest of "dishables" imaginable, and a black velvet Béret, and neither of us thought it at all odd. Why, I have received high police officials before now in Paris with nothing to hide my shame but a disreputable bath robe, and that at high noon. Men's clothes don't really count in Paris. In fact, a man who is always spick and span and carefully dressed rather lays himself open to suspicion than otherwise. If you want credit from a Paris tradesman, be shabby. I know an English duke whose failure to obtain credit here was due to the fact that he was always well-dressed. People didn't believe he was a real duke because, they argued, real dukes don't care how they look, or where their clothes fit them.

⁂

But we're getting away from the man who had nothing to do. He used to be up in time for lunch, and to sit over his coffee and cigarette till half past two. Then he would toddle off to "make a turn on the Boulevards." This occupation is one of the necessities of Parisian existence. Not even the war has killed it. Not even Sunday closing. Not even the motor-car. Whenever a Frenchman can manage it he walks out and patrols the Boulevards. Not the whole Boulevards, mind you, but the strip on the right-hand side, with your nose towards the Madeleine, which begins at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, and which ends at the Vaudeville Theatre. Don't ask me to explain why nobody walks on the other side, because you do just the same in Piccadilly. And don't ask me to explain why the daily trip may not be extended farther up or farther down. It isn't, voilà tout!

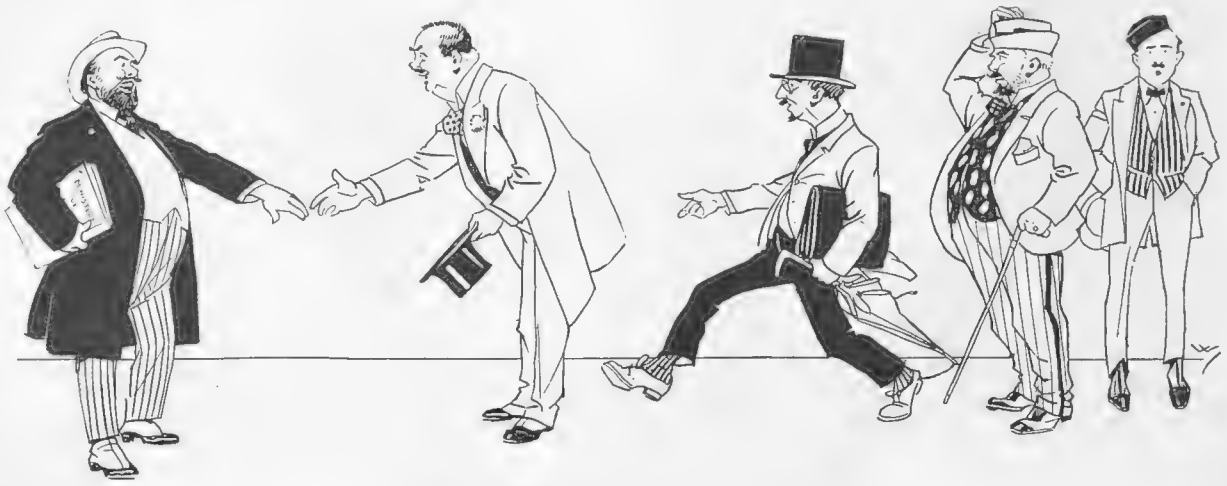
⁂

The man who had nothing to do patrolled the Boulevards from three to five, then went to "his" café for "his" apéritif. He always went to the same café, and if he had changed his taste in apéritifs the waiter would presumably have had a fit. After his apéritif he used to go home to dinner. Then he would patrol the Boulevards again, play dominoes for half an hour in the special café where he met his friends, and go home about 1 a.m. to read the *Temps* in bed and get ready for next morning's luncheon.

⁂

English journalists (the kind who acquired a reputation of knowing their Paris by drinking white absinthe at the wrong hours in the Café Royal in Regent Street and telling editors that they never had more than caffyolly with milk

(Continued on page 22)



"Men's clothes don't really count in Paris"

Our Busy Allies

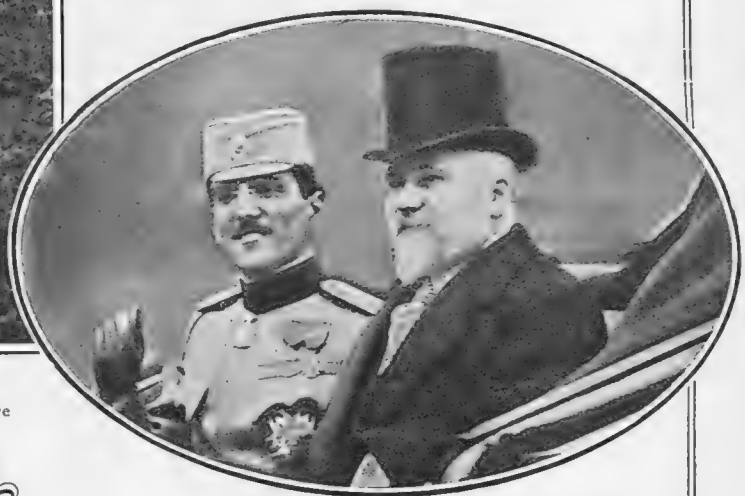
INCIDENTS IN THE CONDUCT OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE ENTENTE

ON THE ITALIAN BATTLE-FRONT

The King of Italy with his Staff watching an Offensive

SERBIA IN ROME

The Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia photographed on his arrival in Rome on the occasion of his recent visit to the Italian capital



SERBIA IN PARIS

The Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia's visit to Paris. He was met at the station by M. Poincaré, who is seen driving with him to the Hotel de Ville, where he has been staying

ITALY IN LONDON

General Cadorna leaving the War Office which he visited in the course of his recent stay in London

RUSSIA IN JAPAN

The Grand Duke George of Russia sightseeing from a rickshaw in Japan after the termination of his diplomatic visit as the Czar's Envoy to the Mikado

The recent interchange of visits by Statesmen, Generals, Crowned Heads and other important personages to each others' capitals is an indication of the complete accord which exists between the Entente Powers and of the progress which they are making towards complete unity of purpose and action in the conduct of the war

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 20)

and a piece of dry toast for their breakfast) used to write about him as a "boulvardier" without an e, or a "flaneur" without a circumflex. The same people used to talk about "dooblong-tongs" when mentioning any new play in Paris. And they used to have a vague idea that the man who had nothing to do was the only kind of Parisian who really counted. So perhaps he was when Catulle Mendes was young, Meilhac lived in the Place de la Madeleine, and Alphonse Allais and Aurélien Scholl frequented the Café Napolitain.

❀

Now the war has killed the man who had nothing to do in Paris, together with le sportman, who wears a dirty uniform and fights nowadays, le clubman très sympathique, who can no longer leave his club at 4 a.m. after losing a huge fortune at baccarat, and give his last louis to the shivering beggar on the bench outside for the benefit of the short story writer in the cheap (et comment !) English magazines, because there isn't any all-night baccarat in these strenuous days, and other types who stuck to some writers' mental retina like those beastly little burrs which children throw at your back in the country.

"People didn't believe he was a real Duke, because, they argued, real Dukes don't care how they look"

Before he disappeared the man who had nothing to do took on another incarnation. He really had nothing to do—mais alors rien de rien, voyez vous. War economy had dismissed the servant, he was over military age, his wife wouldn't let him interfere with the marketing or the cooking, and he read the paper and yawned in the intervals of going out to fetch it.

❀

But Parisians soon grew tired of waiting for the war to be over, and the man who had nothing to do grew tired of doing it. He began to try to get war contracts. If he succeeded he became rich, and no rich man can afford to be idle. If he didn't succeed, the trying kept him busy seeing people, making calculations of the profits he would make if the thing came off, and other little business habits like that. And he had to go to bed early and could not, therefore, sleep late. So he got into the way of working. And now the spring is here, with daffodils and short skirts and sunshine and smiles under big hats, and long boots which lace up the sides, and. . . . Perhaps the man who had nothing to do will find employment again.

John N. Raphael

"The man who had nothing to do patrolled the Boulevards from three to five"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

A BRACE OF ERRORS

BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

Most people seem to think that anything to do with administration in the British Army must, *ipso facto*, prove to be a clumsy and wearisome procedure. True, perhaps, to some extent. But if slow, it is awfully sure. And nothing could be more refreshingly terse or to the point. You have only got to ask our O.C. Army Supply Depôt—a young man with a bit of shrapnel in his thigh and quite new to the job—and he will bear me out.

❀ ❀

Among other varied occupations it is his enviable mission to strengthen the frames of British soldiers by issuing rations to them in the field, and owing, it appears, to the astonishing varieties of time registered by the watches of the applicants for foodstuffs, a feature which militates against the regularity of issue, it seemed good to him to crave from the Authorities the assistance of a clock.

❀ ❀

As far as I remember the correspondence went something like this:

"*From* O.C. Army Supply Depôt—to C.O.O.

"In view of the difficulties experienced in issuing rations to, and arranging transport for, a somewhat large body of men at fixed periods of time it is requested that I may be supplied with a clock, please."

"*From* C.O.O.—to O.C. Army Supply Depôt

"In reply to your memo. of the 10th Feb., please note that your application should be submitted on indent Army Form G. 994 (for A.O.D. use only) 'Stores, Clothing, and Necessaries,' such indent forms obtainable from the Base Stationery Depôt."

"*From* O.C. Army Supply Depôt—to Officer i/c Base Stationery Depôt.

"Please forward me at once a supply of indents Army Form G. 994 (for A.O.D. use only), 'Stores, Clothing, and Necessaries.'"

"*From* Officer i/c Base Stationery Depôt—to O.C. Army Supply Depôt.

"In reply to your memo. of the 17th Feb. please note that applications for indents Army Form G. 994 (for A.O.D. use only), 'Stores, Clothing, and Necessaries,' should be made on indent 'Regulations, Army Books, Forms and Stationery,' Army Form N. 301 C. 4/13."

"*From* O.C. Army Supply Depôt—to C.O.O.

"Herewith indent required

Indent:

Article	*Number*
Clock, any old	One."

"*From* C.O.O.—to O.C. Army Supply Depôt.

"With reference to your indent No. G. 994 of 25th Feb. for clock, any old, one in number, please state the reason for which the clock is required."

"*From* O.C. Army Supply Depôt—to C.O.O.

"In reply to your No. K.N. 287, C.B. 36/x e/7 of 28th Feb. the clock is required to tell the time by."

"*From* C.O.O.—to O.C. Army Supply Depôt.

"In reply to your memo. of March 2nd, your application for clock, any old, one, cannot be entertained. This is for your information and future guidance, please."

❀ ❀

Of course—as we pointed out to Harrison—the fatal mistake he made was in neglecting to give a really practical, common sense reason for requiring the clock. If he had said he wanted it for a footstool, or a paperweight, or for the little boy at his billet to play with, he would have got it like a shot. I hope it will be a lesson to him.

❀ ❀

In case it may be news to some, I ought to mention that the officers of the R.F.C. are as modest as they are bold. Let me tell you of one, Baldershaw, Flight Commander of No. —— Squadron.

(*Continued on page 24*)

COMFORTING

Extract from Aunt Matilda's Letter:—

"I hear you want comforters at the front. I am sending you one. I suppose you use them instead of that nasty chewing gum"

By Second-Lieut. C. E. B. Bernard

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (*concluded from page 23*)

He had received orders to test a new machine which had been delivered from England that morning. Just before starting he found he had mislaid his safety belt, and not caring to lose time by searching for it, he conceived the happy idea of spreading on the seat of the machine a little Croid, the well-known liquid glue which is now being very largely used by aircraft manufacturers.

❊ ❊

The machine flew splendidly at first, but a few miles on the other side of Boulogne the engine started missing badly, and, seeing a large park beneath him, Baldershaw thought the time had come to land, and executing a steep *vol plane* he fetched up alongside a fine old country mansion.

❊ ❊

At the sight of a strange aeroplane outside the front door, the lady of the *château,* followed by her two pretty daughters, rushed out to greet Baldershaw, and begged him to come inside and warm himself and stay and have some lunch, which was all ready for him. No proposition could be more grateful. "Aveck plazeer, Madamm," replied Baldershaw in the purest English-French, and made as if to rise from his seat. . .

It was intensely awkward . . . he had become a sort of human leech. . . .

The day was cold and the wind soughed fretfully in the ancestral elms.

The lady thought Baldershaw a bit slow, but reflected that the English are often a little deliberate in their movements, so she waited a few more minutes, and then repeated her invitation.

But still there was no sign from Baldershaw; only a mute appealing glance, which found no answer in the lady's uncomprehending orbits.

And again the lady invited Baldershaw to come inside, and again Baldershaw expressed his blushing delight, and made no attempt to move. . . .

❊ ❊

The situation was becoming intolerable. And then a great wave of iron resolve flooded over Baldershaw, the kind of steadfast determination that has made the British Empire what it is.

"Ekskuzay moi," he blurted out. "Je viendrai aveck plazeer Madamm, mais malhereusement je serray obblijay de laissay may pantalong."

Yours ever,

JACK JOHNSON

SEEING THEMSELVES AS BAIRNSFATHER SEES THEM

Another soldier-artist has sent us, with his apologies to Capt. Bairnsfather, this sketch of a famous battalion on the Flanders front as it appears on the arrival of its weekly batch of "Bystanders."

BY MAJOR D. DE LA C. RAY

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Immediate and Important

Never has Private Smith's face felt so large and smooth as when he hands his Captain the following message at what he feels is an unsuitable moment. "The G.O.C. notices with regret the tendency of all ranks to shave the upper lip; this practice must cease forthwith"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Barton Mystery" at the Savoy

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE first thing we are given to understand in this play is that Mr. Barton has been murdered. As we never had the pleasure of knowing the unfortunate gentleman during his lifetime, we can do no more than feel a conventional regret that the weird times in which we live have claimed one more victim. But when we hear that, as usual, the wrong man has been arrested for the crime, we naturally feel that it is up to us as Britons to stand by till the wrong has been righted. One of the people most anxious to secure the release of the falsely accused man is Mrs. Standish, the wife of Mr. Richard Standish, M.P. And we all know how dreadfully censorious the world is in the case of a lady who shows a peculiar interest in the man who is not her husband. (And, my dear, the *things* they *say !*)

❀

MR. RICHARD STANDISH, very finely represented by Mr. H. V. Esmond, who is quite one of the ablest actors of our time, takes a personal interest in unravelling the mystery of the late Mr. Barton's death. He follows up clue by clue until it seems to him almost certain that his wife's interest in the accused man can mean nothing else than that he is her lover. Standish talks the matter over with his wife, and then in a heated moment, which the friends on both sides must have sincerely regretted, he seizes her by the throat and strangles her on the edge of a settee. And this, as we know, is not at all the way to behave towards a lady. Curiously enough, it turns out that this scene is only imaginary after all. The fact is Standish had a doze on the settee in the evening twilight, and the subsequent proceedings, we learnt a little late in the day, were merely part of his dreams. Why will people show such a marked preference for indigestible food ?

❀

THIS little scene, exciting as it is, proves to be, after all, only an incident in the play. The real feature is the appearance of Beverley, the celebrated clairvoyant, in which character Mr. H. B. Irving is to be seen at his best. Beverley is a blithe and careless creature, half-mystic and half-charlatan. Like most of his kind he realises the necessity, for purely sordid and commercial reasons, of pretending to be a good deal more knowing than he really is. He has practically started a new religion in the neurotic set in which he moves, and as he manages to inspire enough superstitious reverence to keep himself in brandy and cigars, he has little to complain of in respect of the way the world is using him. It is true that he could, perhaps, do with a new suit of clothes, but, after all, what is the mere earthly shell compared to the greatness of the soul within ?

A POINTED QUESTION TO THE CLAIRVOYANT

❀

IT is not always easy to discern when Beverley is acting the charlatan and when he is giving us the real thing. At one point during the play he is invited by Professor Sir Edward Marshall (Mr. Holman Clark) to examine certain articles of jewellery, and to give by means of his psychic insight, or whatever it is, a clue to the character and habits of the original wearer of them. The proceedings that ensue are very amusing, especially as it is clear that Beverley is building up his opinions on the strength of tips stealthily signalled to him by the Professor's wife. I have enjoyed the acquaintance of one or two Professors in my time, and I am bound to say they were not all quite as childishly green and simple as the Professor here.

❀

BUT this incident is only a phase in the remarkable character of Beverley. At one time the spirit suddenly moves him to reconstitute the scene of the murder of the late Mr. Barton, and obviously here, at least, he is, as Americans say, handing out the straight goods. In a scene that recalls the hypnotised Mathias in "The Bells," Beverley pictures the distressing occurrence in full detail, and it is clear, if not to us, at least to several of those concerned in the affair, who watch him fearfully as he unfolds his story, that by some means or another, material or psychic, he has stumbled upon the truth. It is a very powerful scene, and Mr. Irving does justice to it in every way. It is enacted on a gloomy stage, and its uncanny influence on the watchers is easily communicated to the audience. The mystery is solved later on, and as you will doubtless be going yourselves to see the piece, you will not thank me if I spoil your pleasure by revealing the mystery.

JINGLE

A Mystery and Some Thrills at the Savoy

Mr. H. B. Irving has scored another success with his new play "The Barton Mystery." The leading feature of the production is Mr. Irving's quite admirable representation of the part of Beverley, a clairvoyant with a clear eye to the main chance

The Vision Feminine

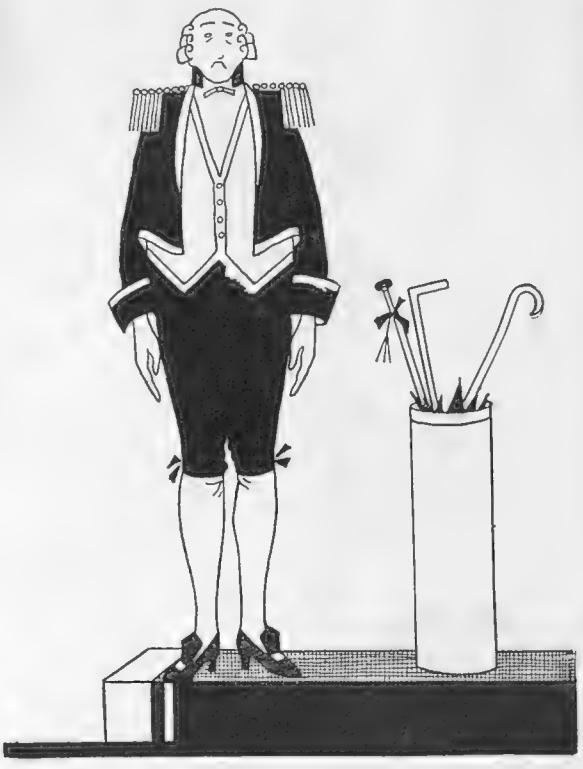
WOMAN'S SPHERE

BY "EFEMERA" *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

I HAVE lately been re-reading the Odyssey—and very excellent reading it is, particularly during an attack of "flu," when the feeble mind recoils from deep-laid plots and ingenious psychological analyses. But that is beside the point. Apropos of the Odyssey, the chief impression which remains with me is the extraordinary importance of women in those far-off days. The various heroines and their interests occupy a very considerable portion of the narrative. You see Helen, quite satisfied with herself and her world and as much respected as ever, after her Trojan adventure, and Penelope, with her web and her suitors, and Calypso, and Circe, and Nausicaa of the family washing, and her mother, who was so very much top-dog in the family circle, and last, but not least, Pallas Athene, who, though not a mortal, I suppose must be included with the female interest of the poem. All these ladies, though excluded from the barbaric feastings of the heroes, are given important parts—in fact, the structure of the plot depends largely upon them. By the position they occupy it is easy to see the importance of women in the general scheme of things in the civilisation of that day.

❀ ❀

WE still have the same types among us: the fair and fickle lady (only nowadays the divorce court, not the fall of Troy, solves the problem), the rather unimaginative, constant spouse and housewife, the charmer, the sorceress who turns men into beasts, the sensible young girl and her aristocratic mamma, also the wise and intellectual young woman, the born organiser who must and will run other people's affairs for them—entirely for their own good, of course. We know them all, even to the impudent handmaiden,



"—And the services of a discreet manservant"

though the old and faithful servant has, unfortunately, become so rare as almost to be classed with the dodo.

"His mind turns to a bachelor flat—"

❀ ❀

BUT I wonder, were an epic to be written to-day, what place woman would have in it. Not nearly so great a one, I fancy. You see, in those times woman was a producer. The conditions of life being primitive, her material importance could hardly be over-estimated. Domestic life would have been impossible without her. No such thing as a bachelor establishment could be imagined. Until a young

(*Continued on page 30*)

One of the Choicest of "Samples"

Camera Portrait *Hoppé*

MISS BILLIE CARLETON

In one of the new frocks which she wears in the second edition of "Samples" at the Vaudeville Theatre, where, as a new-comer, she has added not a little to the charm and merriment of an already popular Revue. Before coming to the Vaudeville she had played one of the leading parts in "Watch Your Step" at the Empire

THE VISION FEMININE (*concluded from page 28*)

man married he lived at home with his parents, visited at the houses of friends, or fared forth to a life of adventure. There were no conveniences for the single male—nothing in the way of gentlemen's chambers with attendance, no tailors or general outfitters, no laundries, no restaurants, and no Turkish baths. All necessaries and luxuries were provided by the women of the household.

❀ ❀

NOWADAYS machinery and impersonal service have, to a great extent, taken woman's place. If a man wants a new coat he goes to his tailor and orders one, he is not obliged to wait until it pleases his female relatives and their handmaidens to weave him a garment. If he wishes to be selfishly comfortable his mind turns to a bachelor flat and the services of a discreet man-servant—his well-being no longer depends upon the female portion of the household.

"Above all, let it include a sense of humour"

❀ ❀

THERE is no doubt about it, modern woman has ceased to be *the* producer; she has lost her place as the mainstay of the domestic community. As an economic factor she counts principally as a spender or a wage-slave, often as a mere dependent supernumerary. In the more primitive state of society she enjoyed ample means for impressing her personality on her surroundings—any essential person on whose activities the comfort of others depends can easily manage that. Besides which, in a small and simply organised community, each individual is a factor to be reckoned with. In modern times, owing chiefly to industrial development, women have, on the one hand, lost their economic importance, while on the other the complexity of modern society has largely deprived them of their importance as individuals.

❀ ❀

IN the larger problems of the present day, industry, commerce and war, woman simply does not count as she used to do. Can anyone think of any modern woman with a face fair enough to launch ten, let alone a thousand, ships and burn the topless towers of any great town? I cannot. Wars are not made on account of women nowadays. Can you imagine the Kaiser declaring war on a neighbouring State on the plea of recovering a runaway wife? It would be a far less colourable pretext even than those he advanced in 1914. Nobody in his senses would take such an announcement seriously. Man may make war nowadays because he wants a place in the sun, or because he dislikes his neighbour's table-manners, or because he wants to sell cotton-cloth or guns, or simply because he has a new weapon and wants to use it, but it would never enter his head to make woman a peg on which to hang justification or excuse.

❀ ❀

NO, woman is no longer the Belle of the Ball. In the major concerns (I am not talking of interests), she has been reduced to the rôle of spectator. In many ways this is more of a man's world than it was in Homeric times. Man, by means of his soulless inventions, has usurped woman's sphere, reduced her position. The "womanly" woman of to-day must perforce be something of a sham. It would be all very fine to be truly womanly in the good old-fashioned way, were such a thing possible. It is not, without a return to primitive conditions.

❀ ❀

OF course, it is very largely woman's own fault if she has let herself be squeezed into a kind of backwater, and nothing but her own efforts will ever get her out of it again, but it is just as well before one makes the effort to decide on the object to be attained. We shall have to evolve a new brand of womanliness, something corresponding to the early type and adapted to present needs. Above all, let it include a sense of humour, a quality in which the Homeric ladies were lamentably deficient—they never, apparently, saw the funny side of anything, least of all their own tribulations.

EFEMERA

"No, woman is no longer the Belle of the Ball"

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THOSE FATAL PHOTOGRAPHS

By MAUD CHURTON BRABY

In to-day's paper a young woman's portrait, signed "Gladys," is reproduced, with a small paragraph, to the effect that it was found on such and such a battlefield. The public is doubtless thrilled with the further information that on the back are the words "*For dear old Bert, one of the very best, with lots of love and kisses from his little bit of fluff* GEE-GEE." The young woman has a tolerably substantial appearance for a bit of fluff; I should have classified her as beefy rather than fluffy. It seems improbable that any harm has been done to the public morals collectively, nor strife caused in any individual breast by the revelation of this interesting amour between dear old Bert and his beefy fluff. But this indiscriminate publication of what should be the inviolate secret of khaki-breast-pockets is not always so innocuous in its results. The growing practice of giving publicity to such souvenirs of the battlefield is not to be commended. I could, and forthwith will, a tale unfold of a case that turned out very differently.

The heroine of this story is my charming little friend, Mrs. Flower. I had known Adrienne since she was a small flapper with a large black bow and a long shining pigtail. She was the prettiest little thing, dainty and fragile as a fairy, with naughty green eyes, the shortest possible upper lip, and ankles of an incredible and delightful slimness. It had been quite a shock to me when she announced her engagement to a comparatively elderly man, and I then discovered the child to be grown up. My collector's instinct made me wish very much that I had noticed this before and had tried to marry her myself.

From the first I disapproved of her marriage with Henry Flower. He was, it is true, only about forty-three, my own age, and Adrienne declared she was twenty-two, though no one would have thought it. But he was so grave and sober and elderly in his ways, I never regarded him as my contemporary. He seemed more like Addie's father, whilst I certainly felt young enough to be her big brother. However, her people were keen on the match, and in due course it came off.

For a short time the Flowers lived in the country, but soon they moved to a flat in Town, or, rather, a succession of flats, for Madame grew more and more restless. Next we heard that Flower was building a special house for her on Hampstead Heath. I recognised her symptoms, having diagnosed them so often, both in my patients and my women-friends, and I waited with interest to see which remedy she would have recourse to. Many of my cases were saved by motherhood, either sought voluntarily or thrust upon them. Others took to lovers, drugs, drink, excessive social gaiety, or good works.

One fine spring morning in 1913 I had been visiting a patient in Hampstead, and the idea of seeing Adrienne in her new home occurred to me as delightful. I found her in the garden among flower-beds massed with hyacinths and sweet-smelling narcissi.

"Is it a dream?" she called, "or do I really see the noble form of my darling Ronald Fane advancing to share my solitary lunch?"

"No dream," I replied, "but Ronald Fane himself, delighted both to be addressed thus lovingly, and at the unexpected prospect of lunch hours before he would otherwise have got it."

"And which delights him most?" she asked, "the love or the lunch?"

"Lady, love is incompatible with luncheon. The two are entirely incongruous, as none knows better than your wise self—it isn't done. But in this case the love—being yours—adds an extra piquancy to the lunch." I kissed her hand.

"*Not* on Hampstead Heath, my dear," she said, withdrawing it. "The Garden-Suburbans are only about a mile distant, and they have eyes like the beasts in the Book of Revelations—behind and before. Also my parlourmaid is a Dissenter."

"Addie, why don't we meet oftener?" I burst out. The little devil always made me feel like that. She tilted up her adorable chin and narrowed her green eyes.

"Either because Dr. Ronald Fane is too successful, too busy, too sought after, too deeply beloved, too forgetful, too lazy or too cautious. Make your choice: any one of these is enough to prevent our meeting. Now come and see my house before we lunch. This is my very own house, Ron; I planned every bit of it myself."

I saw the little creature was very happy in her new possession, which evidently had occupied a good deal of her time and energies. An excellent prescription, I thought, but hardly likely to lead to a complete cure.

Subsequent events proved me to be right. The next I heard of Adrienne was that she had caught the dance craze, which ravaged London and Paris that autumn. She was out all day long; her dissenting parlourmaid gave notice, and her husband grew more silent and morose than ever.

As was the fashion then, Adrienne had her special-partner, a diabolically good-looking youth just down from Oxford, who was bitten with the same craze. They almost invariably danced together, and a perfect poem they made of it. He was just the right height for her, slim and elegant of figure, with blue eyes of the kind women find troubling, a straight nose, and black kinky hair. When I saw them dance that wonderful passionate maxixe together I wasn't surprised that Flower looked glum.

With the spring the pace grew faster and faster. Although those pre-war days seem separated from the present by an immense impassable chasm of bitter grief, through which runs a river of brave men's blood, in point of time that bizarre summer of 1914 is sufficiently near to be remembered. Adrienne lived every feverish second of it to the full. She went everywhere in her little green cabriolet: at the colossal charity entertainments she wore the maddest Futurist costumes, and she and Keith Culvers became quite a noted couple. When they began to dance at the Twenty-Nine Club people would frequently leave off to watch them. I remember the sensation they made

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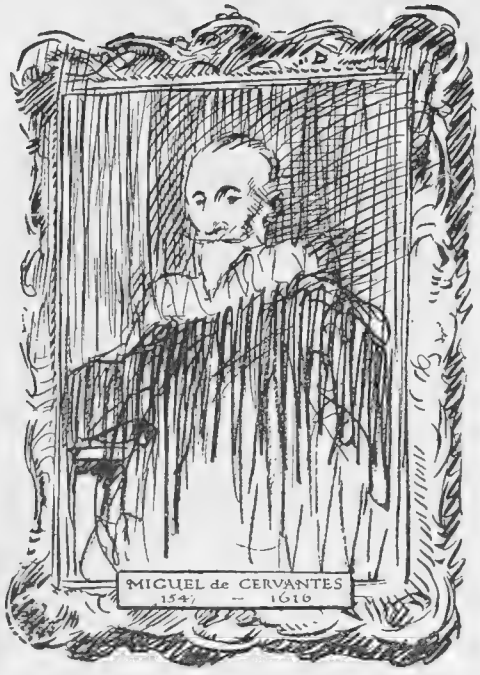
(Continued on page 34)



Tercentenary of Cervantes.

Dunlop (loq.): "I very much doubt whether so great a satirist as the creator of Don Quixote could have found a theme more to his liking than the picture of this country engaged in a gigantic war, urgently impressing upon its people the necessity of restricting unnecessary imports and of retaining gold in the country, and yet allowing the importation without a murmur of unneeded tyres at the rate of £3,500,000 worth a year!"

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at some big pageant, dressed exactly alike as "Fauns," in white tunics and leopard-skins, with green leaves round their heads—the fair faun and the dark. It was a sight to see them dance, they were so Greek and beautiful. But I was very glad then that I had not married Adrienne.

When war broke out I left my elderly partner to grapple with the practice, and rushed off to join the Red Cross. I did not see my little friend again until home on leave months later. She was as gay as ever, her eyes danced brightly, but she seemed calmer, more at peace with life. If anything, her charm was subtly accentuated, for she now gave out an indefinable radiance that baffled me. That feverish restlessness, that hint of hidden unhappiness had vanished. What is the little baggage up to now? I thought as I watched her. She talked a great deal of her husband, suspiciously much.

Flower, it seems, was Colonel of a Territorial Regiment. It had been his hobby from boyhood days, but being a very silent man few of his friends knew anything about it. When war broke out he volunteered with his regiment for active service, and for months past had been "picnicing at Ypres" as Adrienne put it.

"And how's the dancing boy, the Faun?" I asked.

"Oh, Keithie Culvers, you remember him? He was rejected at first on account of his smoker's-heart; of course he was wild about it, and pulled all the strings available. At last, after a lot of trouble, he got into the Westminster Rifles O.T.C, and now he's as fit as can be and training like mad. He will be getting a commission soon, and hopes before long to be at the front."

At that moment the parlourmaid came in. "Mrs. Dunstable's maid has called, Madame, to ask if there is any further news of the Colonel," she said. Adrienne gave an impatient gesture.

"Tell her there is no further news." As the door shut she turned to me, looking quite cross. "That absurd woman, Ron—you remember her, don't you? She's madly in love with Harry, if you please. Solely to be near him she took a furnished house on the Heath, at a fearful cost—so it was a nice sell for her when almost immediately he went down to camp and then to France. Now she pesters me almost hourly for news of him. I've told him to write to her himself, but I suppose he won't bother. She's ashamed to 'phone by now for fear I answer it, so sends her maid to the door. *Wouldn't* it annoy Harry if he knew!"

"I wonder!" I said, teasingly. "Sometimes the idea has struck me that old Harry could do with a bit of fussin' and pettin'."

"Oh, it has, has it? Well, how'd you like to have the Dunstable fussin' and pettin' round *you?* Why she must be ninety-nine if she's a minute!"

"No, no," I remonstrated, "why dear Marian Alethea is a well-preserved forty-four, at the most." Addie looked daggers at me, so by way of finding a more congenial topic I said, "You were telling me about young Culvers; is he as black and white and blue and kinky as ever?"

'Much bluer and kinkier," she retorted, "and he looks simply *divine* in his Tommy-khaki!" Oh, Lor', I thought, now I'm in for it, for her eyes blazed in a manner quite new to them. The thought troubled me that my little friend might find herself in the inevitable batch of war-divorces, and I felt sure the beautiful kinky Keithie wasn't a marrying man.

That night at the club, strangely enough, I got a clue that confirmed my worst fears for poor little Addie. Wentworth, the man I dined with, as luck would have it, was a Captain in the Westminster Rifles, familiarly known as the "What-the-Hells" on account of the super-profanity of its well-born rankers.

"I tell you, London's a pretty hot place just now—almost sizzling," he said, concluding an entirely unprintable anecdote. "Our fellows go it as we never dared to, and by Jove they *are* a set of reckless devils. Of course, they're young and the times are strangely exciting."

"Well, it's only natural, if you come to think of it," I said; "there's a sort of tingle in the blood nowadays—we none of us know if we shall be alive next year. Then the men lead such a healthy life, they're so fit and full of beans, they simply don't know how to work it off."

"One of our fellows is a perfect terror," Wentworth continued. "Good-looking boy and keen as can be. Couldn't understand why he always got lost at Night-

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A CAMERA SILHOUETTE

Mr. Gerald du Maurier in "A Kiss for Cinderella" at Wyndham's Theatre

(*Continued on page 35*)

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Well-Merited Promotion

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS PEGGY KURTON

Who after playing a comparatively small part in "To-Night's the Night" at the Gaiety has stepped into the important rôle of "Evelyn" in the new musical play "Mr. Manhattan," which was successfully produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Thursday last

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 34)

Operations on Hampstead Heath, and why he generally overstayed the lunch hour when we were doing mapping in the Vale of Health. At all other times and places he was punctual to the minute; I saw he was really anxious to learn everything, and qualify for a commission as soon as possible. Well, at Night-Operations last Thursday I missed the path myself and strayed into mud up to my knees. Went on, as the possible best of two evils, but it proved the worst. I had come some way down the hill before I found a dry path back, and then suddenly I stumbled right into one of my platoon—this fellow, Culvers."

I pricked up my ears. "But what of that? He might have strayed same as you did."

"Wait a minute; he was embracing a lady, if you please. Yes—*really* a lady, I mean. By the light of my torch which I turned on involuntarily after the collision, I had a glimpse of the sweetest face and ripping bright hair under a white fur hood. Then she just buried her face in his tunic and *squealed!* Quite lost her head—beastly for me, what?"

"What did you do?"

"Well, it would horrify my C.O., but naturally I put out my lamp and bolted back into the mud. The worst of it was that just as I barged into them I heard her say, in a voice that went all down my spine: '*Darling, how lovely and hard your chest is. I simply adore the feel of your khaki.*' That upset me, naturally."

"Naturally," I agreed, tremendously amused.

"As I staggered along, quite overwhelmed, I came upon the lights of a house through the trees. The path led round it, and just as I had turned aside, fortunately, the little lady in the ermine hood dashed past me into the house. That explained Master Culvers' disappearances whenever we were at work on the Heath. And she was actually a married woman, I found out, with a husband on active service! You can bet I've taken it out of the young brute at all the drills since."

Poor little Adrienne! Trouble seemed inevitable for her. I could only hope that Culvers would soon get a commission and clear out to the front. But, then, he had been faithful to her for nearly three years. Could it be that the kinky Keithie was capable of being a marrying man after all? If so, wouldn't he make a much more suitable husband than Flower for my fairy-friend? "Darling, how lovely and hard your chest is!" I could hear her saying it, in a voice sweet as honey. The simple feminine phrase that had so disturbed the susceptible Wentworth gave me to think. One of them ought to get killed—that much was plain; but I couldn't make up my mind which. Finally I decided that Adrienne was clever enough to steer the fragile bark of Happiness through her present perilous situation, at any rate without a complete shipwreck.

So it might have proved but for that fatal habit of the Press with which I began my story. Some months later, after the amazing Battle of Lille, I opened a batch of papers from home, and the very first thing that met my eye was the charming little face of Adrienne. I looked at it with delight; it seemed to waft the breezes of Hampstead Heath into my dreary room at the hospital behind the lines. Then, to my horror, I saw the inscription: "This portrait was picked up after the Great Advance which ended in the capture of Lille. On the back is written: *To my own darling Keithie, from Adrienne.*

Sweetheart, true-heart, strong-heart, star of my life, oh, never
For thee the lowered banner, the lost endeavour!

The owner—dare we say the lucky owner?—can have it back by applying to this office."

"Father, if the end of the world comes before the war's over, will it be a draw or will there be an extension of time?"

I groaned both in spirit and body; it seemed all up with my fairy-friend. I knew Culvers had only been wounded; for, as it happened, he had passed through my hands, and was now in hospital in London. Perhaps at that very minute Adrienne was sitting by his side and admiring his lovely hard chest, still, fortunately, undamaged. But what of Flower? I had no news of him, and this picture with such an inscription was too utterly damning for any husband to overlook. I turned over the page, wishing to give a more cheerful turn to my thoughts, and sure enough it did that. I had just the laugh of my life. For there was another face familiar to me, and beneath this portrait of a commanding-looking lady of middle age, wearing pince-nez, I read: "Another souvenir of the Great Advance; found in the streets of Lille after the hand-to-hand fighting. On the back is written: *My Beloved Henry, from his Devoted Lover, Marian Alethea Dunstable, who is thinking of him every minute. 'Love is, and was, my Lord and King,' Tennyson.*"

. . . . . .

Ah, that laugh did me good. I shall remember that laugh when the war-taxes bow my head in the years to come. But what we all want to know now is: Will the Divorce be a Foursome?

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Books of the Week

MR. J. D. BERESFORD
Whose latest novel, "These Lynnekers," is reviewed on this page

"These Lynnekers"

With the publication of *These Lynnekers* (Cassell: 6*s.*) Mr. J. D. Beresford quite possibly reaches his high-water mark. The book belongs to what we have come to call the new school of fiction. There is no particular "story" agreeably rounded off in the final chapter. True, at the end Dickie Lynneker marries the only girl with whom he has ever been in love, but that is not to say that his history is complete. Dickie married will probably be just as interesting as Dickie bank-clerk or astronomer. It is round his relations with the various members of his family that Mr. Beresford spins his narrative, which is at all points alert, alive, and exceedingly interesting.

A Break in the Tradition

For these Lynnekers are something of a survival. As one of them says, they are always afraid of losing their good opinion of themselves. The rector and his wife—Dickie's parents—are both rather pathetic figures; in another fifty years' time it may be difficult to believe that their like ever existed. And Dickie's two parson brothers also definitely belong to the days when in polite circles Mr. G. was the greatest scoundrel unhung. One of his sisters, too, remains untouched by the moving panorama, but Dickie himself is a creature of to-day. He rebels, not grossly, but as a finely-bred man may rebel against that which seems stupid and unnecessary. And as he grows up to manhood taking paths which startle his relations not a little, you realise that Mr. Beresford is approaching one of the most interesting social problems of the day with the greatest possible ingenuity. There is a break in the tradition. Dickie will rise to heights that his ancestors rarely attempted to scale. But he will take with him what is good in the old tradition. It is always a pleasure to read Mr. Beresford, whether he is writing of miraculous youths and curious plagues or of English family life: in *These Lynnekers* there are passages and sketches of people which will long remain in this memory.

Very Small Beer

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's short novel, *A Great Success* (Smith, Elder: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is very small beer. There is nothing new, or even particularly pleasing, in either the plot or the chief characters. One of those literary peeresses "who sat on Disraeli's knees" takes up a young author, and his poor little wife mopes at home until chance intervenes and she is enabled to help the peeress in an awkward little matter connected with the great lady's son and heir. It is all rather family-heraldy and quite unimportant. R. S.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

WEST END NAVAL AND MILITARY TAILORING

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

With all emphasis I want to advocate the claims of the West End tailoring trade in general to cater for the demands of His Majesty's Officers.

I do not wish to be insular and exhort them only to patronise Pope & Bradley; let them patronise the military tailors of known repute in Savile Row and Conduit Street. Outside the immediate West End the quality and workmanship is of an entirely different calibre, and second grade kit is not only execrable in style, but has been found absolutely useless for active service; and to place orders with firms who have not established a military reputation is courting disaster.

The prices quoted by Pope & Bradley represent the minimum at which uniforms of the finest quality can be supplied. They are moderate because they are for net cash and because the House is one of the largest buyers in England.

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31/6

Matters Musical

A PLEA FOR AMATEURS

A PRODUCTION of Borodin's famous symphony is always an event, and, when conducted with as much vigour and enthusiasm as displayed by Sir Thomas Beecham at the Philharmonic the other day, it becomes a positive musical landmark. But what is interesting to call to mind for the moment is Borodin himself. I wonder how many people realise that the composer of the Symphony and *Prince Igor* was an amateur? By profession he was a chemist of reputation, and this notwithstanding, he produced music such as we know.

⁂ ⁂

IT is a pity we have not a Borodin or two in contemporary England. One can think of quite a number of gifted composers who would be not the worse but the better for a profession. To begin with, they would write less music, secondly they would have a greater grip of reality; lastly, and by no means least, they would be able to produce what they liked, being free men instead of economic slaves. This is not written contemptuously or with any feeling but that of admiration for the talents of many of our composers, but they do seem to me to suffer from precisely the defects indicated above.

MRS. MARGARET MEREDITH

The moving spirit of the Independent Music Club, which is doing valuable work in providing musical entertainment for soldiers both at home and at the front, and also in giving financial aid to musicians who have been "hit" by the War. She is a daughter-in-law of George Meredith the novelist, and her only son, who is also named George, has recently been awarded the Military Cross

TAKE the case of quantity, for instance. The average artist (be he painter, musician, or author) certainly produces far too much. Only obvious genius can afford to pour out works at the rate which modern competition demands from creative artists. And how rare is genius in the real sense of the word! Instead we see, as often as not, the merely talented losing all their freshness and originality in an endeavour to be "great"—or merely voluminous. How many composers are there who might have produced a charming volume of songs, a ballet, perhaps, or one symphonic poem if they had not been forced to work at composition during every spare hour they could snatch from the hopeless grind of teaching the unteachable!

⁂ ⁂

BUT amateurishness has with us become synonymous with incompetence, and everyone who cultivates his musical talent seriously thinks he must rush into the ranks of professionalism. Yet there is no reason at all why this should be so, and Borodin remains to prove that, even in the most technical of all musical accomplishments, to wit, composition, the amateur can sometimes beat the professional at his own game.

FRANCIS TOYE

"O. T. C."

(Confiding Cadet)

"Hang it all, I couldn't make it out a bit at first. When fellows in the habit of accepting your Cigarettes for some time suddenly and politely refus them, it puzzles a chap a bit. One day I asked Vincent the reason, and he said they were all smoking Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes, and had given up the other kinds. So, of course, I immediately bought a packet, and tumbled to it at once. They're the thing. Top-hole!"

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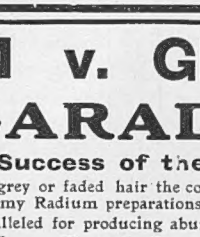

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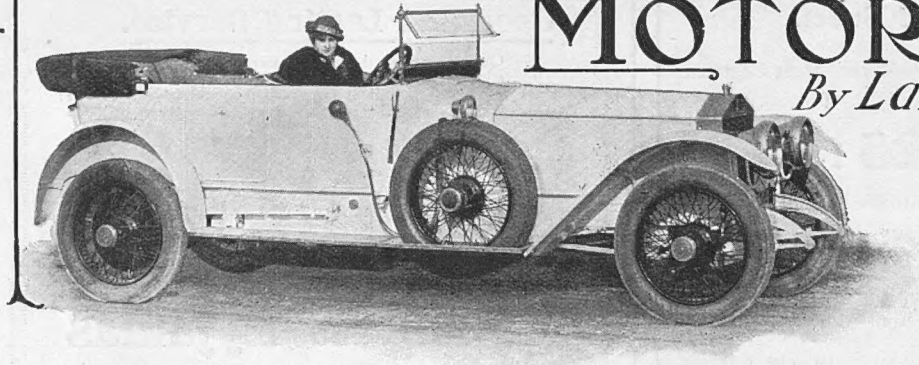


THE ROLLS-ROYCE AS A LADY'S CAR

The ante-war epoch discovered the Rolls-Royce as a car of magnificence and service. The war epoch has concentrated attention upon its qualities as a car for lady drivers—qualities of reliability, tractability, ease of control, and supreme comfort

A School of Motoring

THE other day the British School of Motoring emulated Hans whatever his name was, and gave a party. The party having taken a little wine for its stomach's sake, then proceeded in divers vehicles to South Kensington, to be present at the official opening by the Marchioness of Londonderry of the School's new central instruction premises, to inspect the same, and to pass judgment upon the nature of the equipment (so far as that can be judged in a brief tour of observation) for the purposes designed. I will say at once that, in every respect, the provision is amply sufficient for the instruction of pupils—ladies' needs being a special consideration just now—in the theory and practice of motor-car mechanics, in driving, and in all the incidentals of maintenance. The facilities for either individual or class instruction appear excellent, and the conditions under which the instruction—both to male and female—is given are of exceptional comfort and convenience. The courses are either sectional or complete If the student only wishes to drive he or she can finish at that; but if he or she is athirst to know all that is known from the A of theoretics to the Z of practice, and has the aptitude or natural bent for the purpose, the knowledge can be had.

***

The Woman's Place

THE woman in whatever motoring is likely to be left to us is a factor of increasingly large importance. In the absence of the male she must run the car herself or the car must remain interned for the duration of the war. It is not here, however, that the woman counts in the national economy, but in connection with the public and commercial services which she can render and is, in such considerable measure, already rendering. The manipulation and maintenance of a motor vehicle is only one such service, but it is not the least. Efficiently to qualify she must have adequate instruction. Whether temperamentally she is less able to absorb instruction than a man need not concern us here. Somebody has got to do the work, and the woman is largely the only labourer available in this particular vineyard. Therefore, to the extent to which she can assimilate instruction, and give it effect (I am not saying she is either better or worse than a man), it is important that ample facilities should be provided. The British School of Motoring seem to have done their part excellently well in this regard.

***

The Scott Issue

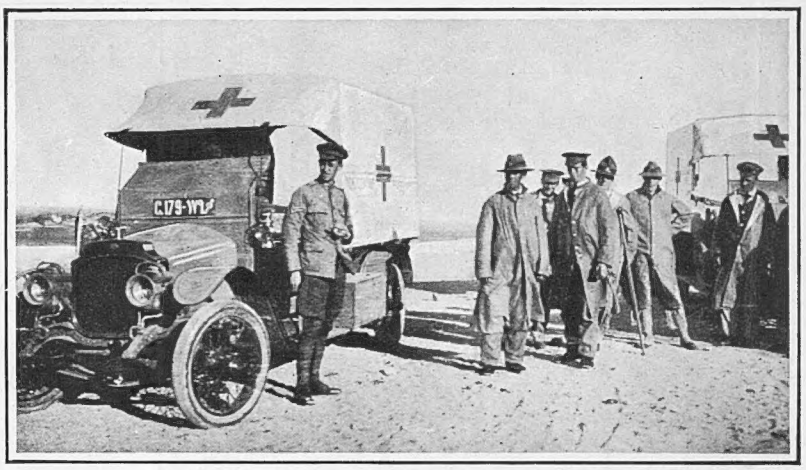
WITH the knowledge and consent of the Treasury (who, of course, take no other responsibility in the matter), the Scott Electrical Company, Ltd., issues its prospectus as a concern organised for the ultimate manufacture of electrical starting and lighting sets for motor-cars, airships, sea vessels, and anything else susceptible to such equipment. By "ultimately" is connoted primary concentration upon the manufacture of munitions. After the war the machinery will be released for public supplies. On the first face it seems an odd time to go to the public with 70,000 ordinary £1 shares out of a total of 100,000; but there is no public reason why the time should not be now, and at least two sound patriotic reasons why it should. The facilities secured from the new capital will place an additional plant at the disposal of the Minister of Munitions, while the development of another All-British electrical factory of this sort will assist in relieving the motor industry of this country from dependency upon outside supplies of a commodity of very great importance in mechanical transport. The Scott Single Unit system which is being exploited has an excellent reputation and, given a return to normal conditions, should be as certain of a healthy profit as anything of the kind can be. Any monies subscribed in excess of immediate requirements will be invested in war stock. List closes April 12. Secretary, Peter Smith, National Provincial Bank Chambers, Queen's Square, Wolverhampton.

***

A.A. Affairs

STILL on lighting, the A.A. will send copies of schedules, perforated discs for lamps, and summary of new regulations to any member on application. This will keep somebody very busy; because the regulations change about every five minutes or so. I observe a wave of darkness has reached Manchester, which is a cheerful place (I do not think) when all the lamps are glaring. Now they are not glaring, Manchester streets look (and smell) like the Irwell.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY



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